CHARLTON COMICS

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NO. 134 | 00714

APR | 76/CDC

ALL NEW

POPEYE

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

THE SAILOR

HANG ON, SWEE'PEA, HERE IT COMES!

SPACE SHIP

00714

G. Wildman '75

THIMBLE THEATER PRESENTS 'POPEYE THE SAILOR' in...

CLOUD CLODS

ARF! ARF! I LIKES ME NEW WHITE SUMMER DUDS. THEY MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A TV COMMERKEL FER SUDSY SOAP.

I USED ONLY THE FINEST BED SHEETS...UH, MATERIAL THAT MONEY CAN BUY FOR YOUR SUIT. $1.98, PLEASE.

D-7738

TAKE IT OUT OF ME $2.00 GOLD PIECE AND KEEPS THE CHANGE 'CAUSE YA DESOIVES A TIP.

POPEYE

WHAT A GORJUS, SUNNY DAY IT AM. THERE'S HARDLY A CLOUD IN THE SKY. I THINKS I'LL STRUT ON OVER TA THE DOCKS AND SEE HOW SWEE'PEA IS DOIN' WIT ME BOAT.

1

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YOIKS! I ALMOST GOT ME NEW SUIT DIRTY AND I JUST PUT IT ON. I GOTS TA BE MORE CAREFUL!

I NEVER REALIZED BEFORE WHAT A DUSKY TOWN THIS IS. IF I DON'T TAKE SOME PRECAW-SHUNS, ME SPARKLY WHITE SUIT IS GONTER BE GRAY!

AHA! THAT'S THE ANSWER!

GROCERY STORE

I JUST WANTS TA BUY ONE GRAPE BUT GIMME THE BIGGEST PAPER BAG YA GOT.

SURE, POPEYE, WHATEVER YOU SAY.

?

?

?

?

IT AIN'T THE LATEST STYLE BUT AT LEAST IT'S SAFE.

I MADE IT ALL THE WAY TO THE DOCKS BUT... WHERE'S ME SHIP?!!

?

AHOY! I'M GOING TO DROP ANCHOR!

THAT'S SWEE'PEA'S VOICE BUT WHERE IS HE AND WHERE'S THE...

ANCHOR?!

OOPS! IS YA HURT? IS YA OKAY?

THUNK

IT'S NOTHIN' THAT A BAND-AID AND A DAB OF IODINE COULDN'T CURE BUT WHERE IS YA? AND PULEEZE TELL ME IF ME SHIP IS GONTER FALL ON ME HEAD NEXT.

I IS UP HERE, POPEYE.

OH MY GORSHK! THAT'S A SEA SHIP NOT AN AIR SHIR WHAT DOES YA THINKS YA IS---A BALLOONISK?

WELL, I AIN'T NO BALLERINA. DON'T YA LIKE IT, POPEYE? C'MON UP AN' TRY IT OUT.

ALL YA WUZ SUPPOSED TA DO WUZ POLISH THE BELL, NOT ATTACK A BALLOON ON ME BOAT.

CLIMB UP THE ANCHOR CHAIN BUT BE CAREFUL CUZ IT'S GREASY AND YA DON'T WANTA GET YA NEW SUIT OILY.

WHAT MADE SWEE'PEA THINK THAT I WANTED ME SHIP TA FLY WHEN I GOTS ENOUGH TROUBLE JUST TA KEEP IT AFLOAT!

SEE HOW SIMPLE IT IS. I TURNS ON THE ENGINE AND THE PROPELLER SENDS US FORWARD. WE CAN STEER WIT DE RUDDER.

AT LEAST UP HERE YA WON'T CAUSE TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

RiiiP!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

WHAT'S THE MATTER, POPEYE? YA SURE DON'T LOOK WELL.

THAT'S CAUSE I DON'T FEEL WELL. I IS EITHER *AIR* SICK OR *SEA* SICK BUT ME STOMACH DON'T KNOW WHICH.

MAYBE IF I SHOW ME STOMACH WHERE WE IS IT'LL MAKE UP ITS MIND.

OH, NO!

YA KNOW, I GOT THE WEIRDEST FEELIN' THAT THERE WAS SUMTIN' I FORGOT TA DO AN' YOU'RE GONTER TELL ME WHAT IT IS.

?

?

I'LL DO EVEN BETTER AND SHOW YA. YA FORGOT TA HAUL UP THE ANCHOR!

WOW! IT SURE HOOKED ONTO THAT POOR HOUSE!

I GUESS WE SHOULD LAND AND APOLYGIZE TA THE SWAB FER WHAT WE DID TA HIS HOUSE.

THAT'S OKAY, SWEE'PEA. WE WON'T HAFTA DO THAT.

BUT WHY? YA ALWAYS TAUGHT ME THAT WHEN YA DONE WRONG YA SHOULD ALWAYS APOLYGIZE. HOW COME I DON'T HAFTA DO IT THIS TIME?

'CAUSE THAT'S *OUR* HOUSE!

SORRY, BUT AT LEAST NOW WE IS SET TA GO AND DO SOME EXPLORIN'. EVEN THE WEATHER IS PERFECK. THERE AIN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKY.

I BEEN NOTISINK THAT AND I'VE BEEN GETTIN' MIGHTY SUSPICKUS.

?

DID YA BRINGS A PORTABLE RADIO WIT YA? I WANTS TA HEAR THA *WEATHER REPORT.*

THE ONLY RADIO I HAD WAS THE BIG ONE IN THE LIVING ROOM.

SO I SCREWED A HANDLE ON IT AND CHANGED IT TA *PORTABLE.*

YA IS A *ELECTRICTICLE* GENIUS. NOW TURNS ON THE WEATHER REPORT.

FLASH! WE HAVE ASTONISHING NEWS FROM THE WEATHER BUREAU. ALMOST EVERY *CLOUD* OVER NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA HAS MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED.

KARL

YOU'RE KIDDING!

NO, I'M NOT KIDDING. THE RESULT HAS BEEN A LACK OF RAINFALL WHICH COULD TURN THE EARTH INTO A DESERT.

PEOPLE ALL OVER THE COUNTRY HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTING TO BRING THE CLOUDS BACK BUT SO FAR—NO LUCK!

THAT'S MY THIRD MOCCASIN. NEXT TIME I WEAR BOOTS!

ON THE SILLY SIDE, A NUMBER OF PEOPLE HAVE REPORTED SEEING A SHIP FLOATING THROUGH THE SKIES, HELD UP BY A BALLOON! HA! HA! HA!

THAT'S NOT SO SILLY.

ALL OF THE CLOUDS AIN'T GONE. THERE'S ONE.

RIGHT!

THERE'S ANOTHER CLOUD AND IT'S MOVIN' STRAIGHT FER THE LITTLE WHITE CLOUD.

SUMTIN' FUNNY'S GOIN' ON!

THAT'S ILLEGLE! THE LITTLE FELLER WAS KIDNAPPED!

THAT'S **CLOUDNAPPED!** BUT NOW WE KNOW WHERE ALLA CLOUDS HAS GONTER.

WE IS GOIN' AFTER THAT THIEVIN' CLOUD AND MAKE IT GIVE BACK THE LITTLE FELLER SO'S IT CAN MAKE RAIN.

WHOA! WATCH THEM SHARP TURNS!

WE IS GAINING!

HOW IS WE GONTER **STOP** A CLOUD! THEY AIN'T GOT NO WHEELS OR ANYTHIN'!

I KNOWS EKSACKLY HOW TA STOP THEM.

I YAM **GONTER HOOK** THEM WIT.. THE ANCHOR!

BUT CLOUDS IS LIKE **SMOKE**. THERE AIN'T ANY-THIN' THERE TA GRAB HOLD.

HRRK!

POPEYE, THE ANCHOR IS GONTER *HIT* US!

HANG ON!

CRASH!!

IF WE WUZ FLOATING ON THE SEA THAT WOULDA SUNK US FER SURE. BUT UP HERE, THAT AIN'T NO DAMAGE AT ALL..

ZiP!

YA WUZ RIGHT, SWEE'PEA. THERE WUZN'T ANYTHIN' DANGEROUS IN THAT CLOUD.

HOW ABOUT A CANNON SHOOTING A CANNON BALL THROUGH OUR BALLOON. WOULD YA CONSIDER THAT *DANGEROUS?*

BOOM!

THAT'S *DANGEROUS!* I WOULD EVEN SAY THAT COULD BE FATAL!

HISSSS

NOTICE HOW QUICKLY *GRAVITY* TAKES OVEEEEEER!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

POPEYE, THERE'S A GIGANTIC JET AIR-LINER JUST BELOW US.

IF YA DON'T MIND, SWEE'PEA, I AIN'T IN NO MOOD FER ***SIGHT-SEEING*** RIGHT NOW.

WE IS ***SAVED!***

IF WE DON'T PATCH UP THAT HOLE AND BLOW UP THE BALLOON THEN WHEN WE FALLS OFF THE WING WE IS RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED!

THUNK!

WHERE IS YA GOING?

I NEEDS TA BORROW SOME STUFF FROM ONE OF THE PASSENGERS!

Yiiiik!

EKCUSE ME, LADY, BUT I HASTA BORROW THIS. IT'S AN EMERGENCY.

IT AIN'T DIGNIFIED FER A MAN TA SEW BUT WHEN YA GOTS TA, YA GOTS TA. GET ME A CAN OF ME ***SPINACH*** FROM THE HOLD.

SURE, POPEYE, COMIN' UP.

NOW ME LUNGS IS COATED WIT IRON AND THEY IS MORE POWERFUL THAN A STEAM PUMP.

!AH-WHOOSH!

YAAAAA!!

I HAS AN IDEA. ME NEW SUMMER DUDS GAVE ME THE PLAN.

WHITE PAINT

WE AM AIRBORN AGAIN BUT HOW IS WE GONTER CATCH THE CLOUD THIEF?

FIRST WE PAINTS EVERY-THING WHITE AND THEN WE HIDES INSIDE A CLOUD.

I GETS IT! WE IS GONTER WAIT FER THE CLOUD BANDIT TA STRIKE, DISGUISED AS A CLOUD. WE IS GONTER BE BAIT!

WHITE

12

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

WHY DOES YA SUPPOSE THAT ANYONE WOULD WANTA STEAL CLOUDS!

WHEN WE GETS STOLEN THEN WE'LL FIND OUT!

THERE! I IS FINISHED WIT MY HALF!

YIKES! WATCH WHAT YA IS DOING!

I IS COVERED WIT PAINT. YA HAS ROONID ME WHITE SUIT!

DON'T WORRY, POPEYE! ONCE THE PAINT DRIES, NO ONE WILL NOTICE.

YA MAY BE RIGHT 'CAUSE NOW ME DUDS REALLY SHINE. I WON'T HASTA WASH THEM NO MORE, JUST GIVE THEM A NEW COAT OF PAINT EVERY TWO YEARS.

WE IS HEADIN' FOR A CLOUD, DEAD ON!

NOW ALL WE HASTA DO IS TO WAIT.

I HOPE HE COMES SOON 'CAUSE IT'S ALL WET AN' CLAMMY IN HERE! YUUCH!!

YER IN LUCK! HERE COMEG THE DARK GRAY CLOUD!

NOW BE REAL QUIET, SWEE'PEA. CLOUDS AIN'T SUPPOSE TA TALK.

CLOUDS AIN'T SUPPOSE TA TOSS FLASTIC BAGS OVER OTHER CLOUDS BUT THAT SURE DIDN'T STOP HIM FROM DOIN' IT!

POPEYE, I HEARS THE SOUND OF AN ENGINE.

SO DOES I. THERE MUST BE SOME KINDA AIR SHIP INSIDE OF THAT CLOUD.

LET'S GET THE FAKER! I'LL PULVERIZE HIM TO A PULP!

HOLD ON THERE. WE DON'T WANTS TA FIGHT WIT HIM UNTIL WE FINDS OUT WHAT HE DID WIT THE OTHER CLOUDS HE TOOK.

SORRY. I GUESS I GOT TOO EKSITED.

THAT'S OKAY. AFTER ALL YA IS JUSK A KID. YA AIN'T LEARNED TA BE CALM LIKE ME YET!

HOLY SLAMOKEES! THAT'S A REGULAR CLOUD WAREHOUSE!

GLAD TA SEE YOU IS THE PICTURE OF CALMNESS AND TRANKILLITY!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGES

BOOM!

DOES WE GO AFTER HIM NOW?

NOPE! WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHY HE'S STEALIN' CLOUDS.

AS SOON AS HE LANDS WE'LL CUT OUR WAY OUTTA THIS SAG AND FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO.

THUNK!

HE'S LANDED, WHICH MEANS OUT WE COME.

AT LAST! BESIDES BEIN' COLD AND CLAMMY, IT'S ALSO GETTIN' HARD TA BREATH IN HERE.

RiiiP!

WIT ME TRUSTY, IF NOT A BIT RUSTY, JACK KNIFE, WE CUTS OUR WAY OUT!

NOW WE IS GONTER END THE MYSKERY.

GEE, ALLA PAINT WASHED OFF INNA CLOUD. I GESK THAT IT WASN'T WATERPROOF.

INSIDE THE CLOUD HOUSE...

HELLO, THIS IS *CLAUDE*, THE *CLOUD KING!* YESSIR, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT RIGHT AWAY. THE CLOUDS COST A THOUSAND BUCKS EACH. SORRY, BUT THAT'S IT. RIGHT!

HEY, *NIMBO!* COME UP HERE. I GOT AN ORDER FOR YOU TO FILL.

NIMBO, SEND HALF A DOZEN CLOUDS TO *CANADA*. THEY SAY THAT THEY'RE *LOW ON SNOW.*

DUH, UH, DO YA WANT ME TA SEND IT AIRMAIL?

SEND IT BY WAY OF *DOGSLED* AND.... *EEEYOW!* I TOLD YOU TO BE CAREFUL WITH *STORM* CLOUDS!

S'CUSE ME, BOSS.

THE *CROOK!* HE STEALS CLOUDS AND THEN HE SELLS THEM BACK TA DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

THAT'S A *SHADY* BUSINESS. WHAT CAN WE DO?

ZIP!
ZIP!
ZIP!
THE FIRST THING WE DO IS CUT ALLA CLOUDS LOOSE AN' LETS 'EM FLOAT BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM.
ZIP!
ZIP!
IT'S SNOWING IN ARIZONA?! I GUESS WE MADE A GOOF. JUST RETURN THE CLOUD AND WE'LL SEND YOU ANOTHER ONE.
BOSS, BOSS! WE AIN'T GOT NO MORE CLOUDS TA SEND TA NO ONE.
NO MORE CLOUDS! THAT CAN'T BE. I JUST FINISHED STEALING THIRTY CLOUDS TODAY. WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM?
THERE'S A SAILOR OUT THERE IN AN AIR SHIP CUTTIN' THEM LOOSE. COULD THAT BE THE TROUBLE?
NO, NO. IT MUST BE SOMETHING ELSE. MAYBE WE DIDN'T... DID YOU SAY THAT THERE WAS A SAILOR OUT THERE CUTTING THE CLOUDS LOOSE?
DUH, YEAH.
YOU NUMBSKULL! OF COURSE, THAT'S IT!! GET TO THE CLOUD SHIP! WE'RE BEING ROBBED!!!

THAT'S THE LAST CLOUD.

NO IT AIN'T! HERE COMES ONE MORE AND IT LOOKS MEAN!

ZIP!

IT'S THE GRAY CLOUD! BRING UP THE CANNON FROM BELOW DECK!

I GOT IT.

BOOM! BOOM!

OUR CANNON BALLS ARE PASSIN' RIGHT THROUGH THE CLOUD WITOUT HITTIN' ANYTHING.

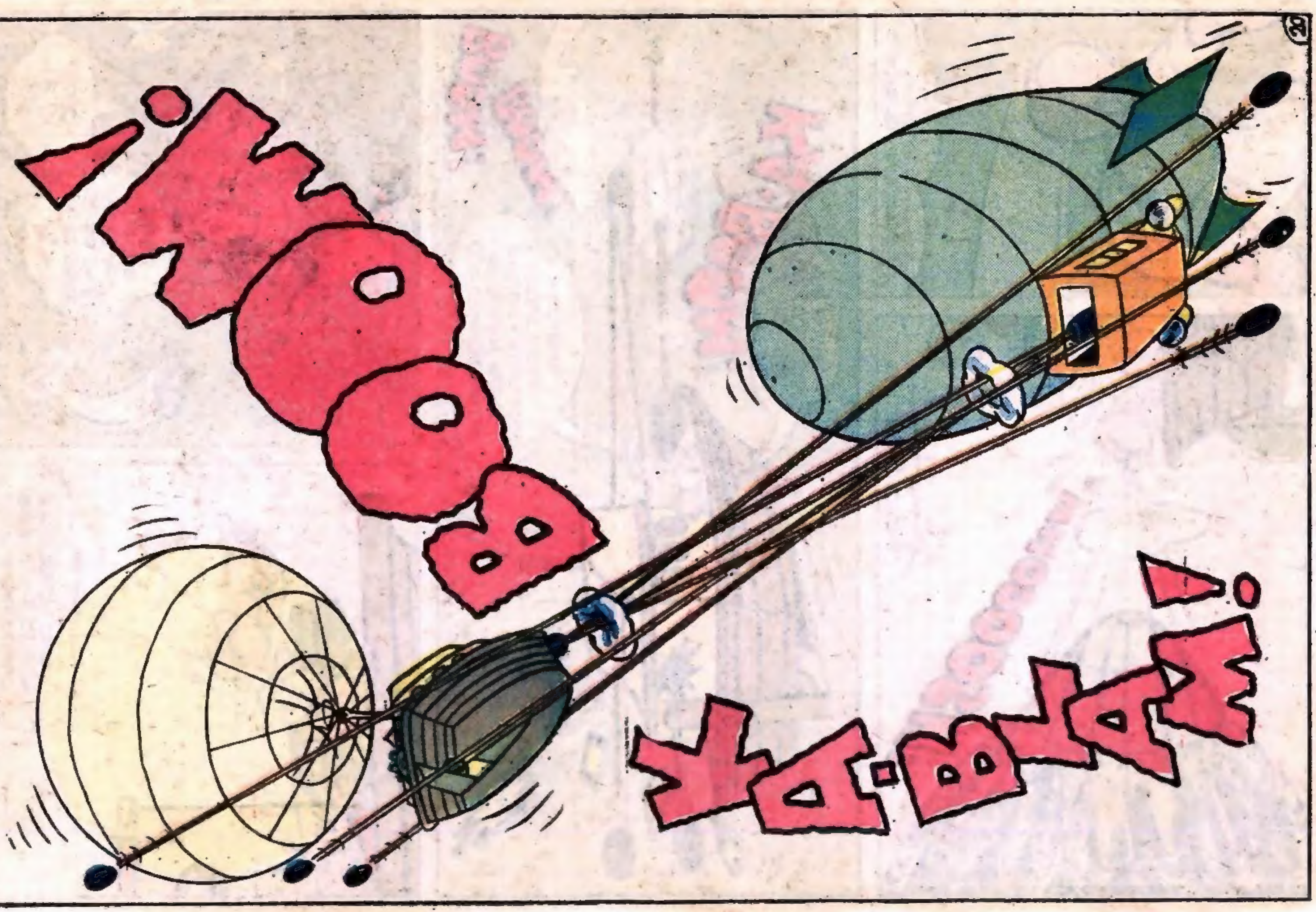
KA-BOOM!

I WISH THAT WE COULD SAY THE SAME.

I GOTS TO HAVE A TARGIT TA HIT.

I CAN SEE IT, POPEYE!

WHOOOOOSH!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Ha-ha-ha!

WE HAS GOT NO MORE CANNON BALLS!

WE HAS GOT ONE MORE... CANNON BALL: POPEYE!

ONE CAST IRON POPEYE-BALL COMIN' UP. READY!

SMACK!

GULP!

FIRE!

KA-BOOM!

THAT LAST CANNON BALL HAS A MIGHTY STRANGE SHAPE TO IT. IT'S THE SAILOR!

POW!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

IT LOOKS AS IF I REALLY *CLOUDED* THAT POOR SWAB'S MIND.

I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU!

KLUNK!

DID YA TRY TA CLOBBER ME WIT THAT ROD?

OH NO, NOT AT ALL. I WAS JUST TAKING THE SHAPE OF YOUR HEAD TO USE FOR THE STATUE WHICH I HAVE BUILT IN YOUR HONOR.

THE NEXT DAY...

THAT'S THE LAST WE'LL SEE OF CLAUDE, THE CLOUD KING, AND NIMBO. THEY'LL BE IN *JAIL* FOR A LONG TIME.

AND I GOT ME A NEW SET OF DUDS WHICH AM GUARANTEED NOT TO *RIP, FADE, GET DIRTY* OR...

SHRINK!

HM?

?

?

I THINK THAT LITTLE CLOUD WAS TRYIN' TA TELL YA THAT YA BEEN TOOK!

THE END

GENTLEMEN PREFER TO DUEL

"I gots me some flowers to gives to my geil, 'cause she is the prettisk rosebud in all of de' world! Arf! Arf! Arf! I yam a poet wot knows it," joked Popeye the Sailor as he danced down the street teward Olive Oyl's house.

Popeye didn't knew it, but he wasn't the enly one headed for Olive's house. Brutus was on his way to visit her too! He was coming from the opposite direction. Neither one of them expected to meet the ether at Olive's house. Both of them expected to be alone with Olive. They both had romantic plans for the evening.

"I buy my girl candy, because she is a dandy. I spend all my money on Olive, my honey. Ha! Ha! Ha!" roared Brutus as he waltzed down the sidewalk teward Olive Oyl's house.

At the front gate to Olive's yard, Brutus and Popeye ran into each ether and bumped heads.

"Avast dere, you landlubber. Where do yer thinks yer goin'?" Popeye asked Brutus.

"I'm going to see my girl, Olive Oyl," answered Brutus. "What about it?"

"Olive is my geil, dat's wot!" snapped Popeye as he picked up his flowers which he had dropped when he collided with Brutus. "Get lost, squinch eye!" ordered Brutus as he picked up the box of candy he'd dropped when he'd bumped into Popeye.

"Olive is my sweet pateetie and I don'ts wants you hanging around. You kin gets lost, Brutus!" shouted Popeye.

"Give me these flowers!" bellowed Brutus as he snatched the bouquet out of Popeye's hands. Brutus tore the tops off of the flowers and handed the stems back to Popeye.

"That deeks it! I can't stands no more," mumbled Popeye as he grabbed the box of candy out of Brutus' hand and quickly took off the lid. He snatched a fist full of chocolates out of the box and shoved the candy into Brutus' face. Splat went the candy as Popeye smeared Brutus' face with chocolate.

"Arf! Arf! Arf!" laughed Popeye as he looked at his chocolate covered rival.

"Okay, runt, you asked for it!" shouted Brutus. He stomped on Popeye's toe and then punched him in the belly.

Popeye countered by socking Brutus on the chin. Soon, the two sailors were in a mad free - for - all in front of Olive's house.

"Oh, my goodness! They're at it again!" shouted Olive. She rushed out of the house. "Boys! Boys! Stop brawling! What are you fighting about?" she shouted.

"We isk fightin' abouts you, Sweet Pateetie!" answered Popeye as he bolted Brutus in the kisser.

"Gentlemen don't brawl over a lady. They duel for her hand," explained Olive coldly.

Popeye and Brutus ceased slugging it out.

"What's a duel?" asked Brutus.

"It's a polite way of fighting. Most gentlemen duel with swords," answered Olive.

"Where is we goin' to' geths swords?" questioned Popeye.

"I have two rapiers in the house. Rapiers are thin swords," said Olive as she dashed off into the house.

Popeye and Brutus looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders. Olive returned with the rapiers and handed each of them a sword.

"This is so romantic," cooed Olive. "Two men are dueling over me!"

Popeye and Brutus faced off against each other and prepared to duel. They lifted their swords into the air and saluted each other.

"En Garde'," shouted Brutus as he started to slice his sword through the air near Popeye.

"Yea! I'm in de' garden!" answered Popeye as he lunged for Brutus with his sword.

The fight was fast and furious, but completely senseless. Popeye and Brutus had never used swords before and didn't know what to do with them. The only thing they cut up was empty air! They were getting nowhere fast and getting madder and madder by the minute!

Suddenly, Brutus kicked Popeye in the shin. Popeye socked Brutus in the belly. They tossed away their swords and started brawling all over again.

"I give up!" sighed Olive as she shook her head in disgust. She walked back into her house and slammed the door. Popeye and Brutus never even noticed that she was gone!

5330

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